

A THIEVES' RAFFLE.

From James Greenough's "Seven Curves of London." Truly, it is hard to understand, but it is an undoubted fact, that the criminal who in police nomenclature is a "low thief" (to distinguish him, it may be presumed, from "the respectable thief") is without exception of all men the most comfortable and miserable; and should the reader be so inquisitive as to desire to be informed of the grounds on which I arrive at this conclusion, I beg to assure him that I do not rely on hearsay, neither do I depend on what thieves incarcerated for their offences have told me, holding it to be hardly likely that a prisoner in prison would want his liking for crime and his eagerness to get back to it. I have mixed with thieves at liberty, an unsuspected spy in their camp, more than once. I will quote an example. This was many years since, and as at the time I published a detailed account of the visit, I may be excused from more than briefly alluding to it here. It was at a thieves' raffle, held at a public-house in one of the lowest and worst parts of Westminster. I was young in the field of exploration then, and, from all that I had heard and read, made up my mind for something very terrible and desperate. I pictured to myself a band of rollicking desperadoes, swaggering and insolent, with plenty of money to pay for bottles of brandy and egg-fry unlimited, and plenty of bragging discourse of the doughty deeds of the past, any of their cold-blooded and desperate intentions for the future. Likewise, my expectations of hope and fear included a rich treat in the shape of vocalization. It was one thing to hear feeble delineations of the lamentable fate of "John Bull," and of the respectable souls of the Knights of the Road, sport such soul-thrilling effusions as "Six my Dolly Pals," and "Claude Duval," but what must it be to listen to the same bold staves out of the mouths of real "roaring boys," some of them, possibly, the descendants of the very heroes who rode "up Holborn Hill in a cart," and who could not well hear the good words the attendant chaplain was uttering because of the noisy exchange of boisterous "chaff" taking place between the short-pipe smoking driver, whose cart-side was the doomed man's coffin, and the gleeful mob that had made holiday to see the fun!

But in all this I was dismayed disappointed. I had procured a ticket for the raffle from a friendly police-inspector (goodness only knows how he came possessed of them, but he had quite a collection of similar tickets in his pocket-book), and, disguised for the occasion, I entered the dirty little dram-shop, and exhibited my credential to the landlord at the bar. So far the business was promising. The said landlord was ill-looking a villain as could be desired. He had a broken nose and a wooden leg, both of which deformities were doubtless symptomatic of the furious brawls in which he occasionally engaged with his ugly customers. As I entered he was engaged in low-whispered discourse with three ruffians who might have been brothers of his in a similar way of business, but bankrupt and gone to the dogs. As I advanced to the bar the four crooked heads laid together in inquiry, separated suddenly, and the landlord affected a look of innocence, and hummed a harmless tune in a way that was quite melodramatic.

I intimated my business, and he replied shortly, "Go on through," at the same time indicating the back door by a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder. Now for it! On the other side of the back door I discovered a stone-yard, at the extremity of which was dimly visible in the darkness a long, low, dilapidated building, with a light shining through the chinks. This, then, was the robbers' den—a place to which desperate men and women who made robbery and outrage the nightly business of their lives, resorted to squander in riot and debauchery their ill-gotten gains. It would not have surprised me had I found the doorkeeper armed with a pair of "trusty barbers," and every male guest of the company with a life-preserver sticking out at the breast-pocket of his coat. The door was opened in response to my tap at it. I gave the portman there stationed my ticket and I entered. I must confess that my first sensation, as I cast my eye carelessly around, was one of disgust that I should have been induced to screw up my courage with so much pains for so small an occasion. The building I found myself in was a skittle-ground, furnished with forms and tables; and there were present about thirty persons. As well as I can remember, of this number a third were women, young generally, one or two being more girls of sixteen or so. Jenny Diver was not there, nor Foll Maggot, nor Edgeworth Bess. No lady with ringlets curling over her alabaster shoulders found a seat on the knee of the gallant spark of her choice. No Captain Macheath was to be seen elegantly snuffing out of a stolen diamond snuff-box, or flinging into the pink satin lap of his lady-love a handful of guineas to pay for more brandy. Poor wretches! the female shoulders there assembled spoke rather of bone than alabaster, while the washed-out and mended cotton frocks served in place of pink satin, and hair of most humble fashion surmounted faces by no means expressive either of genuine jollity, or even of a desperate determination towards devil-may-careness, and the dawning of care in the brow. There were no bows, even as the good old time, only vulgar pewter porters-pout out of which the company thickly swigged its founpenny. There was no appearance of hilarity, or joviality even; no more of brag and flourish, or of affection of ease and freedom, than though every man and woman present were here locked up "on remand," and any moment might be called out to face that damning piece of kept-back evidence they all along dreaded was in store for them. To be sure it was as yet early in the evening, and though the company may have assembled mainly for the purpose of drowning "dull care," that malicious imp being but recently emerged, may have been superior to present to their machinations, and able to keep his ugly head above the liquid poured out for his destruction. Or may be, again, being a very powerful "dull care," of sturdy and mature growth, he might be able to hold out through many hours against the weak and watery elements brought to oppose him.

Anyhow, so far as I was able to observe, there was no froshading of the blue and brooding imp's defeat. His benevolent wings seemed spread from one end of the skittle-alley to the other, and to embrace even the chairman, who being a Jew, and merely a receiver of stolen goods, might reasonably have been supposed to be less susceptible than the rest. There would seem to prevail, amongst a large and innocent section of the community, a belief that the thief is a creature distinguished less by appearance than by character from the honest, and he thrives by. I have heard it remarked more than once, by persons whose curiosity has led them to a criminal court when a trial of more than ordinary interest is proceeding, that really this

prisoner or that did not look like a thief, or a forger, or stabber, as the case might be. "Lord bless us!" I once heard an elderly lady exclaim, in the case of an oft-convicted scoundrel of the "swell mob" tribe, over whose affecting trial she had shed many tears—"Lord bless us!" said she, as the jury found him guilty, and sentenced him to two years' hard labor, "so thin, and genteel, and with spectacles on his top! I declare I should have guessed that calling out for the police." On the other hand, there are very many persons less ingenious than the old lady, who invariably regard a man through the atmosphere of crime, real or supposed, that envelops him, and by means of its distorting influence make out such a villain as satisfies their sagacity. Had one of this last order been favored with a private view of the company assembled to assist at Mr. Mullins' raffle, and have been previously informed that they were one and all thieves, in all probability they would have approved; but I am convinced that had they been shown to an unprepared and unprejudiced observer, his opinion would have been that the company gathered in the skittle-alley of the "Ours Badger" were no worse than a poor set of out-of-work tailors, or French polishers, or weavers, or of some other craft, the members of which affect the gentility that black clothes and a tall hat is supposed to confer on the wearer; nor would an hour in their society, such as I spent, have sufficed to dissipate the innocent impression. Their expenditure was of the most modest sort, not one man in six venturing beyond the pot of beer. Their conversation, though not the most elegant, was least of all concerning the wretched trade they followed; indeed, the subject was never mentioned at all, except in melancholy allusion to Peter or Jerry, who had been recently "caught" (taken), and was expected to pass, "a tail piece in the steel" (three months in prison). There was one observation solemnly addressed by one elderly man to another elderly man, the purport of which at the time puzzled me not a little. "Unlucky! Well you may say it. Black Maria is the only one that's doin' a trade now. Every journey full as a tuppenny omnibus!" I listened intently as prudence would permit for further reference to the mysterious female who was doing "all the trade," and "every journey" was "as full as a two-penny omnibus," but nothing in the conversation transpired tending to throw a light on the dark lady; so I mentally made a note of it for reference to my friend the inspector. He laughed. "Well, she has been doing a business of late," he said. "I may say," said he, "Black Maria, sir, is our van of that color that carries 'em off to serve their time."

But, as before observed, there was nothing in the demeanor of either the men or women present at Mullins' raffle to denote either that they revelled in the nefarious trade they followed, or that they derived even ordinary comfort or satisfaction from it. To be sure, it may have happened that the specimens of the thief class assembled before me were not of the briskest, but taking them as they were, and bearing in mind the spiritless, hang-dog, mean, and sallowy set they were, the notion of bringing to bear on them such tremendous engines of repression as that suggested by the humane Commissioner of the City Police appears nothing short of ridiculous. At the same time, I would have it plainly understood that my pity for the thief of this class by no means induces me to advise that he more effective means than those which at present exist should be adopted for his abolition. A people's respect for the laws of the country is its chief pillar of strength, and those who have no respect for the laws set as so many rats undermining the said pillar, and although the rats assembled at Mullins' raffle were not of a very formidable breed, their hatred of the law, and their malicious defiance of it, was unmistakable. For instance, the article to be raffled was a silk pocket-handkerchief, and there it was duly displayed hanging across a beam at the end of the skittle-ground. The occasion of the raffle was that Mr. Mullins had just been released after four months imprisonment, and that during his absence the handkerchief was put up to raffle here in the very identical one that I was put away for. And judging from the hearty applause that followed this announcement, there can be no doubt that Mr. Mullins' audience were very glad indeed to hear it. But even after this stimulant the spirits of the company did not rally anything to speak of. Song-singing was started, but nobody sang "Six my Dolly Pals," or "Claude Duval." Nobody raised a roaring chant in honor of "rudy wye," or the flowing bowl, or even of the more humble, though no less genial, foaming can. There was a comic song or two, but the ditties in favor were those that had a deeply sentimental or even a funereal sound to them. The gentleman who had enlightened me as to the black Maria sang the Sexton, the chorus to which lively stave, "Till provide you such a lodging as you never had before," was taken up with much heartiness by all present, Mullins himself, who possessed a fair alto voice, slightly damaged perhaps by a four-months' sojourn in the bleak atmosphere of Cold Bath Fields, sang "My Pretty Jane," and a very odd sight it was to observe that dogged, jail-stamped countenance of his set, as accurately as Mullins could set it, to an expression matching the bewitching simplicity of the words of the song. I was glad to observe that his endeavors were appreciated and an encore demanded.

Decidedly the songs, taken as a whole, that the thieves sang, that evening in the skittle-alley of the "Ours Badger" were much less objectionable than those that may be heard any evening at any of our London music-halls, and everything was quiet and orderly. Of course I cannot say to what extent this may have been due to certain laws and regulations enforced by the determined-looking gentleman who served behind the bar. There was one thing, however, that he could not enforce, and that was the kindness that had induced them to meet together that evening. I had before heard, as every body has, of "honor amongst thieves," but I must confess that I had never suspected that compassion and that they were amongst the links that bound them together, and when I heard that statement from the chair of the eminent subscriber (the "raffle" was a matter of form, and the silk handkerchief a mere delicate concealment of the free gift of shil-

lings); when I heard the amount, and looked round and reckoned how much a head that might amount to, and further, when I made observation of the pinched and poverty-stricken aspect of the owners of the said heads, I am ashamed almost to confess that if within the next few days I had caught an investigating hand in my coat-tail pockets, I should scarcely have had the heart to resist.

Peter H. Walker has been arrested in New York for attempting to shoot his wife and children and his brother.

During a storm in the harbor of Cronstadt, yesterday, a monitor ran into and sank a screw frigate, sixteen of whose crew were drowned.

Senator Fowler, it is announced, is in favor of the election of ex-President Johnson to the Senate as his successor, and will waive all claims in favor of the latter.

The officers to be chosen in this State this year are two Judges of the Court of Appeals, Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Canal Commissioner, and Inspector of State Prisons, as follows:

The Democratic press is already at loggerheads on the subject of Chinese immigration. The World, some time since, came out in an article claiming that the Democratic press favored it. But scarcely had the ink dry on the article before the Albany Argus denied it. Since then the Cincinnati Enquirer indorsed the position of the Argus. The Chicago Times sides with the World in the contest.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.—TIME TABLE.—Trains will leave Depot corner Broad street and Washington avenue as follows:

Way Mail Train at 8:30 A. M. (Sunday excepted), for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations. Connecting with Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Crested and intermediate stations.

1869.—FOR NEW YORK.—THE CAMDEN AND BURLINGTON RAILROAD COMPANIES' LINES FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK, AND VIA PHILADELPHIA.

FROM WALKER STREET WHARF. At 6:30 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Accom. 8:25 A. M., via Cam. and Jersey City Ex. Mail 3:00 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Express. 3:00 A. M., for Amboy and intermediate stations. At 6:30 and 8 A. M., and 2 P. M., for Freshkill, and 8 A. M., and 2 P. M., for Long Branch and Point Pleasant. At 8 and 10 A. M., 12 M., 2, 3:30, 4:30, 5 P. M., for Trenton.

FROM KENSINGTON DEPOT. At 11 A. M., via Kensington and Jersey City, New York Express Line. Fare, 83c. At 1:30 P. M., for Newark, Trenton, and 5 P. M., for Trenton and Bristol, and at 10 A. M. and 6 P. M. for Bristol.

FROM MARKET STREET DEPOT. At 7:30 A. M., 12:30 P. M., New York Express Lines, via Jersey City, Fare, 83c. At 11:30 P. M., Emigrant Train. Fare, 62c. At 9:30 A. M., 1:30, 4:45, and 12 P. M. for Trenton.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

At 7:30 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Accom. 8:25 A. M., via Cam. and Jersey City Ex. Mail 3:00 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Express. 3:00 A. M., for Amboy and intermediate stations.

READING RAILROAD.—GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO THE INTERIOR OF PENNSYLVANIA, THE SCHUYLKILL, SUSQUEHANNA, CUMBERLAND, AND WYOMING VALLEYS.

NORTH, NORTHWEST, AND THE CANADAS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS OF PASSENGER TRAINS, JULY 13, 1869.

Leaving the Company's Depot at Thirtieth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, at the following hours: MORNING ACCOMMODATION. At 7:30 A. M., for Reading, and all intermediate stations, and Allentown. Returning, leaves Reading at 4:00 P. M.; arrives in Philadelphia at 9:15 P. M.

WEST CHESTER AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. Trains will leave as follows: At 7:30 A. M., for West Chester, and at 1:30 P. M., for Philadelphia, and at 4:30 P. M., for West Chester.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

At 7:30 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Accom. 8:25 A. M., via Cam. and Jersey City Ex. Mail 3:00 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Express. 3:00 A. M., for Amboy and intermediate stations.

SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE SEA SHORE. CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. THROUGH TO ATLANTIC CITY IN 1 1/2 HOURS.

Leaving Philadelphia at 9:30 P. M., for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, etc., connecting with the Lebanon Valley train for Harrisburg, etc.; and PORT CLINTON with Catawissa Railroad trains for Williamsport, Lock Haven, Elmira, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.—TIME TABLE.—Trains will leave Depot corner Broad street and Washington avenue as follows:

Way Mail Train at 8:30 A. M. (Sunday excepted), for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations. Connecting with Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Crested and intermediate stations.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

At 7:30 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Accom. 8:25 A. M., via Cam. and Jersey City Ex. Mail 3:00 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Express. 3:00 A. M., for Amboy and intermediate stations.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHESTER RAILROAD.—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND PITTSBURGH, VIA THE GREAT OCEAN REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.